MY REPLY TO THE LAKE
by Andrew “Change” Huang

you want to be an ocean, wide and vast,
crossing to unfamiliar shorelines
without a moment's notice—you know,
your dream is never silly. but once

you see my turbulent briny chasm,
you will instead want the solace
of being between two valleys. because

i am tired of seeing parted lovers
waiting for each other at lighthouses.
they have to be careful when sending
their precious ship in a bottle across
the tidaling water of my skin—

i wish i can calm a storm for them.

but instead all night, they weep
to the roar of the wild evening.
they toss and turn until the waves
let the dim turquoise sparkles sink away.

limpid and serene—all that your are.
you want to be an ocean, to hold dusts
in your hand. but as you spend the night
fishing for glow fishes,

you forget about the tiny fireflies—
they burst out like the infinite cosmos.
rather than being affixed to the sky—
they jitter closely to your sleeping smile
of every moments until you wake up.